

thought I saw her face and something inside of me fluttered. And every time I saw that face something inside of me would say that she was coming back and something else would say that she would never return. It was all so cruel. I felt worse when I thought of her and God. I could not understand how mammy could get along with God. She always had a poor opinion of people who put themselves above other people, and I was afraid she would say something to God about His proud ways and He would not like it. I knew Jesus would love her, but I felt uneasy when I thought of God.

One day I remembered that mammy never seemed afraid of God, and I began to wonder if I had not made a mistake; and then I remembered what the quiet lady had said about Jesus and God being the same. But the next moment I thought of that great white throne and that great man with a terrible frown sitting upon it and the bad little boy standing before Him, and I knew that God and Jesus could not be the same. Still I was troubled, for it seemed to me that Jesus ought to be God because He did everything and even made the little dead girl come to life again. Several long years passed before I ceased to worry over it. At last one day when I was quite a big boy the thought came to me that the terrible God whom mammy had pictured to me whenever she saw a big boy doing wrong was not her God at all, but only a